The new Married Couple

OR,

A Friendly Debate between the Countrey FARMER and his Buxome WIFE.

Being a second Song to the Tune of, *The Countrey Farmer.*

DEar Gill I ne'r thought until last night,
that Cupid had yielded such sweet delight
But when thy soft arms with mine were twin'd
the Ivy ehe Oak, did not closer bind:
Thou gav'st me sweet Kisses that might invite,
in old Shepheards a new delight:
Young Colin did ne'r with Mirtilla so bright
enjoy such a sweet, such a pleasing night.

My Neddy (quoth she) since I have thee here,
I will be a Port for to please my Dear:
And in the soft Circuit of thy Pale
feed either upon the high Hill or Dale;

Graze on my soft Lyps, if whole Hills be dry
stray down where Fountains lye:
The Doe thy fair breeder, will always be nigh,
to please her young Wanton with Art & Eye.

Thou shalt be a Banquet to my Taste,
on which, I will always delight to feast;
As sweet as young Colley the Farmer Cow,
as sweet as the Hay in his Barn I vow:
As sweet as young Roses that all admire
as may Blossoms upon the Briar:
As sweet as blind midnight, with Maidens desire
as sweet as Sack-Posset by Sea-Coal fire.

Wt boars (quoth stem Neddy) I'le forsake my
and briskly bestir my ol-hob-nail stumps (dumps
The Valles shall sort it, the Lads shall sing
and Echoes all round wth our Joys shall ring:
Doll sall leave Dairy and James Brown-Cow
and brisk Roger his Cart and Plough,
To mrt us young Nancy and William come now
we shall have rare Daunces and Jigs enow.

Though Batchellors may live merry lives
yewe will no change that have Brom wives;
Upothe soft Pillow of their Breast
Wlobe-sick lie wasted in Cupids Net,
Wat though there be Cuckolds we na not
our Wives always will take such care
Alough the Brows, bud the Horns shant appear
To make us look noble and like the Dear.

Bill should within the Curtains chide
my Antlers, & head in the sheets I'le hide
And when my Good Housewifes-Pot boyls ore
to cool her hot Broth I'le attempt no more.

It is I confess the depth of skill
to lead Women by their own Will
But while her tongue gallops my Tongue shall lye
& thus I'le endeavour to please Gill, Gill. Gill

Dear Neddy (quoth Gill) name not things so soon
with us 'tis but yet our Honey-Moon
Come let us to please each other strive
and gather like Bees within our Hive.
Thou must not be like a dull Idle drone
nor mind Horns for thou shalt have none:
But follow, thy Plough by Dobbin and Roan
and I to my milking will go with Joan.

Dear Gill there are many old Complaints
all Wives that look fair dont probe all Saints
For many Mens wives are like the Moon
that alters each morning, each night and noon
Yet for my own part, I will never fear.
but try always to please my Dear
If I can, my Wife will hold almost a year
this Riddle me Riddle nine months will clear

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